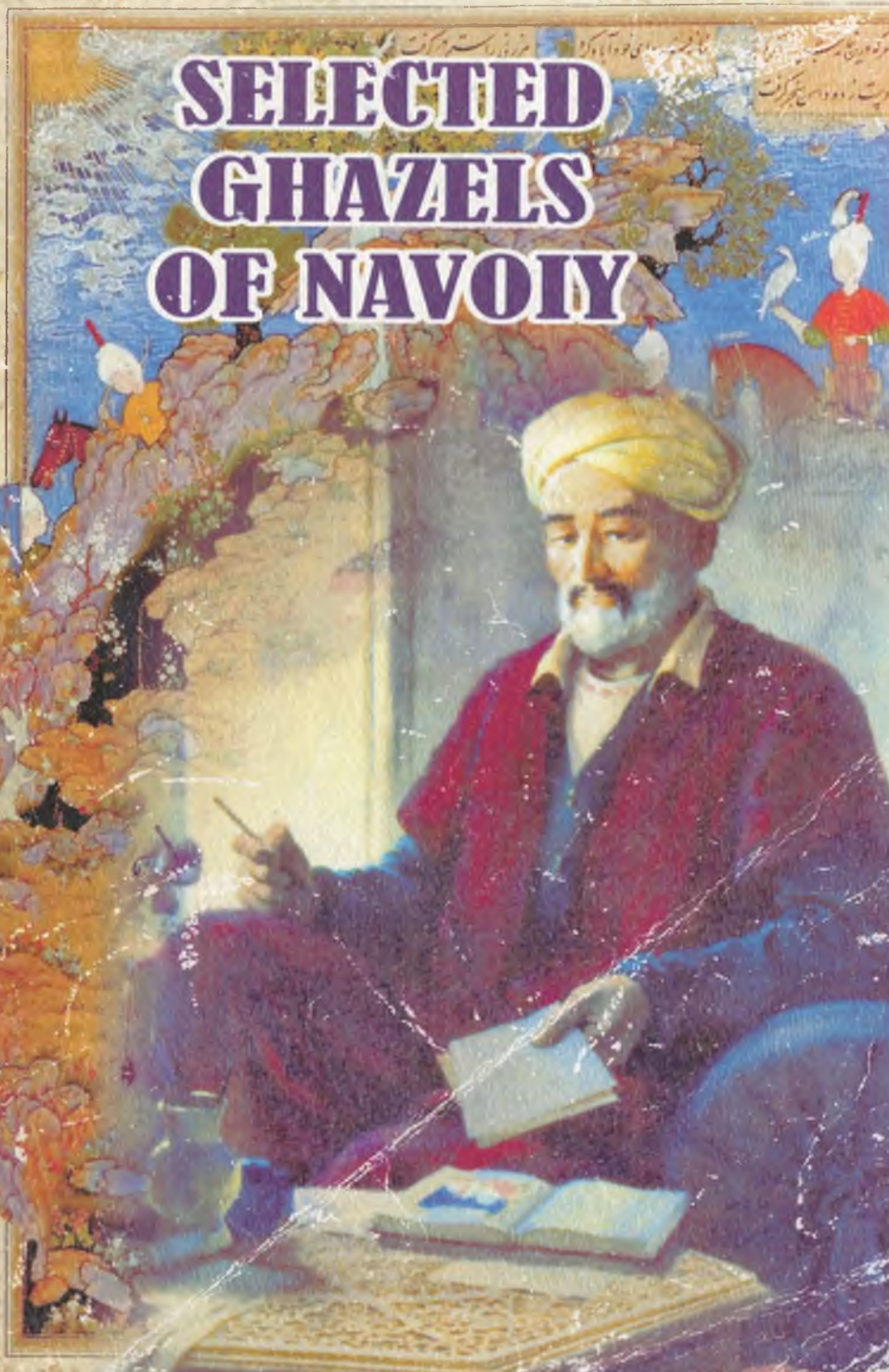


مردمان سوادکوه  
دشت ناصی و سوادکوه

# SELECTED GHAZELS OF NAVOYI



# SELECTED GHAZELS OF NAVOIY

(In the Uzbek and English languages)

4298



Tashkent – 2015



КБК 83. (5Uzb)7

S 46

UO'K:185.6.4.2

Selected Ghazels of Navoiy Selections done by Musoeva Hayitgul,  
Translations done by Dinara Sultanova. T.: «Наврўз» нашриёти, 2015  
–68 бет.

Selected Ghazels of Navoiy were prepared for publication by translator  
Sultanova D.A, recommended to publish them by Traanslation theory  
and practice chair of Samaarkand State Institute of foreign languages and  
Writers' Union of Uzbekistaan.

This collection of Ghazels of Navoiy for the first time translated or it's  
fair to say re-created in the English language. We can say that the ancient  
oriental form of versification has been introduced to native English  
speakers.

ISBN: 978-9943-381-62-9

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## INTRODUCTORY

Dinara Sultanova's "Selected Ghazels of Navoiy" collection is noted to be created on the basis of the book "High spirituality is mighty power" by the President of the Republic of Uzbekistan I. A. Karimov. According to the decree Writers' Union of Uzbekistan made further the programme "International Communication and literary translation". University of World languages in Tashkent nowadays is carrying out scientific research work called "Creation of the anthology of Uzbek literature in English". And Samarkand State Institute of foreign languages has made a notable progress in this field. Scientists, translators are dealing with the work which sounds as "As Alisher Navoiy's creative writings in foreign languages." Navoiy's masterpieces, his great literary legacy have to be introduced to other nations by means of immediate translation.

Navoiy's literary inheritance was translated by about forty Russian poets, translators and men of pen. But Navoiy's Ghazels were not translated into English until 2000 years. Only A. Kmetyuk tried to fulfill that job. But his translations were not done up to the reliable mark. But he made the first step towards translations from Navoiy.

D. A. Sultanova who has special aptitude, interest in translation, relying on her background knowledge being an expert at English, Russian, Uzbek and Tajik languages, we can say that she could cope with such not easy work. Sultanova does well in usage of stylistic devices and phonetic expressive means with which she dealt at her lectures on "Translation theory and practice". She says that is impossible to translate Ghazels, only they can be re-created, and underlines that a translator firstly has to understand Navoiy's language, his outlooks, philosophy, the life he had lived, his spiritual wealth, his mireculious knowledge and the time he lived. She considers that kind of translation or as we decided to call it re-creation will win award if it can make such influence on readers or listeners as it were the source text. We believe that selection of Navoiy's Ghazels and their re-creation will meet readers requirements they will get spiritual delight.

The form of the booklet also is done with special intention. The ST and TT are placed next to each other. So that a reader, translator or a research maker will have a chance to compare ST to TT at the same time not looking for source text.

*D. Salohiy the head of history of  
Uzbek literature chair professor of  
Samarkand State University*



## PREFACE FOR THE READER

Poetry is said to be the rarest miracle of mother tongue. Poetry can be classified as narrative and lyric. Narrative poems stress action, and lyrics songs. Lyrics poetry is characterized by <sup>mevta</sup> brevity, melody and emotional intense. Lyrics have been the prominent type of poetry in the West and East for several hundred years.

Each nation has its own "poetic language", own traditions, its versification. Some poets and translators say that distinction between languages, difference in versification assure of impossibility of translation of poetry, especially lyrics belonging to different type of languages. A poet translator relying on his unique talent, artistic vision, knowledge background re-creates a poem, deals with pragmatic adaptation. I share the idea of re-creation of a poem; the sound of a poem can not be translated. When we say the sound of a poem we mean its rhyme, alliteration, assonance.

Poets also rely heavily on the rhythm and meter to express meaning and convey feeling.

Rhythm is the pulse of beat we feel in a phrase or in a line of a poem which has to be re-created by transition to another rhythm, to another poetic foot or by a blank verse.

Arooz rhythm became popular in xv century. At the end of xv century science culture, art together with world literature Turkish poetry also took its shape, started winning praises and at the end of century Uzbek poetry rose to its highest point.

Alisher Novoiy the founder of the Uzbek language and literature wrote about it in his book "Muhokomatul Lug'atain (Dictionary of two languages)

Arooz is very complicated rhythm but at the same time a very beautiful oriental form of versification. Arooz rhythm is based on alternation of long and short syllables and grouped in particularly form in the line. Two lines of Ghazel are called "bait". Ghazels can have 5, 7, 9, 11 or more baits. In the end of a Ghazel, in the last but one line the author gives his name.



Uzbek classical poet Zahiriddin Bobur verified 21 types of bahr (aroz writing form) which include 534 forms of meter and rhythm. Only 11 bahrs are used in Uzbek arooz.

The first two lines of Ghazel or the first bait is called “matlaa” which introduces the plot of the Ghazel. The last bait is called “maqta” where the author depicts his outlooks, draws conclusions, the content of maqtaa is not connected closely with the content of the Ghazel.

The famous classical poet, founder of the Uzbek language Alisher Navoiy’s Ghazel and its re-creation can prove our theoretical conclusion.

The following Ghazel under the discussion is written in “ramal bahr” (one form of meter that’s used in arooz, the most beautiful and complicated form of creative writing). This Ghazel is written in “ramali mussamani mahfuz” rhythm which is widely used in poetry writing. This rhythm is based on the following pattern.

foilotun foilotun foilotun foilun

– long syllable

∨ short syllable

Ke-cha kel-gum / dur-de-bon- ul / sar-vi-go’l-ru / kel-ma-dii //

Ko’z-la-rim-ga / ke-cha-tong ot / qun-cha-uy-qu / kel-ma-dii //

In re-creation of above given “bait” (two lines of a poem) we have to do our best to transit of these lines to peculiar meter and rhythm which are used in the English creative writing.

Having shown her will to come / my mistress that flower fail’d to  
come

And for my longing eyes that night / a sleep till all hours fail’d to come.

| - stressed syllable



◡ - Unstressed syllable

As we know in long syllables in Uzbek and in stressed syllables in English vowel sounds are pronounced with full breath (strength).

As for phonetic structure, dealing with re-creation of sound of arooz we should give “radif” (the repeated word “kelmadi” and before it rhymed words “ – gulru – uyqu” using these words or their synonyms in English, or an occasional word.

kelmadi – fail’d to come

gulru – flower [flauə]

uyqu – asleep till all hours

The given Ghazel is written in the following rhymed pattern. a a, b a, c a, d a, e a, f a, g a. Translators duty is to re-create that form of the Ghazel.

In translation of other poems which are written in syllabic rhythm (it is called “barmoq” (finger) rhythm) and based on peculiar form of grouping syllables (which is called “turoq”) we use syllabic rhythm and required meter.

Be – shi – gi – ga / o’ – g’il – be – lan – sin.

Oi – lar – un – dan / o – mad tilan –sin.

Each line consists of 9 syllables which are grouped as 4 + 5.

Translation

Let their sons in the / cradles sweetly sleep.

Let the moon ask them / for bliss they keep.

There are 9 syllables in each line.

While reading Uzbek poem we make a pause after the 4<sup>th</sup> syllable, give a rising tone.



## Alisher Navoiy

Alisher Navoiy, founder of the Uzbek poetry, great poet, thinker, statesman Alisher Navoiy was born on February 9, 1441, and died on January 3, 1501. Literary and scientific legacy of the poet may be divided into four types: 1 Divans (Collections of poems), 2 Dostons (stories on verses). 3. Poetic legacy in Persian and 4 Scientific-philological, prose and historical works. Literary legacy of Alisher Navoiy written in Uzbek are presented in his divan “Hazoin ul maoniy” (Treasure of Meanings). The world-known “Khamasa” consists of five dostons. They are “Hayrat al-abror” (Wonders of men of good), “Farkhad and Shirin”, “Layli and Majnoon”, “Sabbai sayyor” (Seven planets), “Saddi Isakandariy” (The wall of Alexander the Great). A. Navoiy wrote a scientific work on philology concerning the metric system of versification “Arooz”.

Alisher Navoiy, as we know, wrote more than 3000 Ghazels, the specific form of the oriental poetry, created with peculiar way, with very complicated but at the same time very melodious form of versification which is called aruz rhythm. Both of his Ghazels were translated by Russian poets and translators, about forty men took in that re-created activity. And fifty years ago they managed to publish the book named “Alisher Navoiy” (Treasury of Ideas) which was presented to Navoiy’s 525<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Next year that’s on February 9 2016, all progressive people will celebrate his 575 anniversary. And we, the people of Uzbekistan, translators and men of pen will note this day with enthusiasym. On behalf of translators re-created 30 Ghazels in English and named the book “Selected Ghazels of Navoiy” (in Uzbek and English) will be presented as a gift to his birthday.

*D.A.Sultanova.*





Kecha kelgumdur debon ul sarvi gulro' kelmadi,  
Ko'zlarimga kecha tong otguncha uyqu kelmadi.

Lahza-lahza chiqdimu, chektim yo'lida intizor,  
Keldi jon og'zimg'a-yu, ul sho'xi badxo' kelmadi.

Orazidek oydin erkanda gar etti ehtiyot,  
Ro'zg'orimdek ham o'lg'onda qorong'u kelmadi.

Ul parivash hajridankim yig'ladim devonavor,  
Kimsa bormukim, anga ko'rganda kulgu kelmadi.

Ko'zlarindin necha suz kelgay deb, o'lturmang meni,  
Kim, bori qon erdi kelgan, bu kecha suv kelmadi.

Tolibi sodiq topilmas, yo'qsa kim qo'ydi qadam,  
Yo'lg'a kim avval qadam ma'shuqa o'tru kelmadi.

Ey Navoiy, boda birla hurrām et ko'nglung uyin,  
Ne uchunkim boda kelgan uyga qayg'u kelmadi.



Having shown her will to come, my mistress that flower fail'd to come,  
And for my longing eyes that night, a sleep till all hours fail'd to come.

And long and long grieved I, stared at the road she used to walk along,  
Methought in love of hers would die, as my joyful liar fail'd to come.

For moonlit face of hers she cared, making it match the Moon in night,  
Tho' my sky was dark as mine soul, my moon didn't appear, fail'd to come.

Still been severed from my fairy, made my rains furiously fall,  
They all laughed at woe of mine, tho' sense of humour shouldn't have come.

And 'tis not me who's to be blamed for heavy rains pour'd from sore eyes,  
As they were not tears, but blood of mine that night tears fail'd to come.

And could I see on doorway of mine any trace of trusty ones,  
As the one who had to be ever true to her lover, fail'd to come.

O, Navoiy with sweetest wine enjoy that manhood into thee,  
For, where a cup of joy appears, a woe never tries there to come.



Ko'rgali husningni zoru muftalo bo'ldum sanga,  
Ne baloig' kun edikim, oshno bo'ldim sanga.

Har necha dedimki kun-kundin uzay sendin ko'nul,  
Vahki, kun-kundin battarrak muftalo bo'ldum sanga.

Men qachon dedim vafo qilg'il, manga zulm aylading,  
Sen qachon deding fido bo'lg'il manga, bo'ldum sanga.

Qay pari paykarg'a dersen telba bo'ldung bu sifat,  
Ey paripaykar, ne qilsang qil manga, bo'ldum sanga.

Ey ko'ngul, tarki nasixat ayladim avvora bo'l,  
Yuz balo yetmaski, men ham bir balo bo'ldum sanga.

Jomi Jam birla Xizr suyi nasibimdur mudom,  
Soqiyo, to tarki joh aylab gado bo'ldum sanga.

G'ussa changidek navoe topmadin ushshoq aro,  
To Navoiydek asiru benavo bo'ldum sanga.



I longed, was thirsty for beholding the beauty owned by you,  
And how dreadful day it was that, that day I was enchanted by you.

And lots of days in and days out I tried from you to drive away,  
Alas, day by day more and more I'd been enchained by you.

Whenever I bade you be true to me, you made me feel pains,  
Whenever you asked for my soul to be given, it was owned by you.

One could ask who is that fairest fairy to move you in maddened,  
O my fairy deal with me as you want, I'm imprisoned by you.

O my heart not obeying your will, I forced you to make a fuss,  
You suffered from thousands of pains and I gave one more pain to you.

I'd ever been blessed for drinking the saint water from Khizir's spring,  
Wine server, leaving all alone, I became a needy owing to you.

I didn't find any notes of sorrow in those sweetly played tunes,  
And till Navoiy himself I'd been enchanted, imprisoned by you.

Gar jaf o'qil, gar vafokim, dilistonim sen mening,  
 Gar meni o'ltur, agar turgizki, jonim sen mening.

Xox ra'no qad bila bog'I yonimdin jilvag'ar,  
 Xox kel qoshimg'akim, sarvi ravonim sen mening.

Ko'nglum ichra sensenu, ishqing, ne dey holim senga,  
 Chun bu yanlig' mahrami rozi nihonim sen mening.

Jilva aylab har zamon, afg'onu ohim qilma ayb,  
 Ham sen – o'q chun boisi ohu fig'onim sen mening.

La'lidin bir-ikki so'z mazkur qil, ey xasta jon,  
 Bori bu bir-ikki damkim mehmonim sen mening.

Telbalardin garchi rad qilding meni, lek anglag'il,  
 Kim pari ruxsoralardin tanlag'onim sen mening.

O'ldi mehringdin Navoiy, bevafo debsen ani,  
 Ertaki nozu mijozi badgumonim sen mening.



Either you make me grieve or joyous delight of my heart you are,  
Either bid me live or bid me die, my life dearest you are.

Either spreading adore of a white rose you pass by my door,  
Or you've come to hold the sides with me, my cypress fond you are.

You dwell in my heart that sighs for you, should I tell it to you,  
Come to know, desire of my heart my mistress willed you are.

Waving as the sea you heap reproaches on my grief and woes,  
I moan, groan have been wounded, my arrow pitiless you are.

Let that poor soul hear one, two words uttered by those lips ruby,  
I have little chance of having you for a while, my guest rarest you are.

Though you showed your cold shoulder to your tempted lovers as me,  
Midst those beauteous fairies I've met my choice deserved you are.

Navoiy'd been slain in love of yours, but you told he'd been false,  
Mine tender, taken with suspicion my love fairest you are.



Yoridin hech kim meningdek zoru mahjur o'lmasun,  
Jumlayi olamda rasvoliqqa mashhur o'lmasun.

Men bo'lay ovora to ishqimdin aylab guftugo'y,  
Oti oning har kishi og'zig'a mazkur o'lmasun.

Jonima bedodu zulmin, yo rab, ul miqdor qil,  
Kim aning oshiqlig'I har kimga maqdur o'lmasun.

Men xud o'lkum, lek har oshiqki, erur pokboz,  
Navxa tortib motamim tutmoqda ma'zur o'lmasun.

Pand ila ko'nglum uyin qilma imorat, ey rafiq,  
Bizni buzdi, hargiz ul, yo rabki, ma'mur o'lmasun.

Kechalar ul gul chekar ermish qadah, ey tong yeli,  
Voqif o'l holimni aytur chog'da maxmur o'lmasun.

Yor vaslig'a quvondim, qovdi quyidin meni,  
Ey Navoiy, hech kishi davlatg'a mag'rur o'lmasin.



Let no one by his sweetheart made be mad about love as me,  
Not let him own ill name and by that name on the earth famous be.

Let only me get trouble, as it's me, is speaking out of love,  
Not let her name be mentioned, or by any one pronounced be.

Direct all kind of tortures to my heart let them be a lot,  
I'd so deep fell in love, not let any lovers take after me.

I'd been slain by myself, for each one in love draws his own lots,  
Let no man because of my death be in mourning or sigh for me.

O Friend, don't let me down, not turn it into heavy hearted case,  
I've been decayed, in no way; don't let, that temptress decayed be.

In night, they say, that flower like one enjoys being in her cup,  
O breeze of down, wake my fairy, of my case make her aware be.

I joyously sang of my love, but she frowned, bid me wind away,  
O Navoiy let no one of his mighty power too proud be.





Ey nasimi subh, ahvolim diloromimg'a ayt,  
Zulfi sunbul, yuzi gul, sarvi gulandonimg'a ayt.

Buki la'li hasratidin qon yutarmen dam-badam,  
Ba'zi aysh ichra labolab bodaoshomomg'a ayt.

Kom talxu boda zahru ashk rangin bo'lg'anin,  
La'li shirin, lafzi rangin, sho'xi xudkomimg'a ayt.

Shomi hijron ro'zg'oring tiyra nevchun qildi deb,  
So'rmag'il mendin bu so'zni, subhi yo'q shomimg'a ayt.

Ul pariy hajrida nangu nomkim, tark ayladim,  
Ko'ngul otlig' hajr vodiysida badnomimg'a ayt.

Ey karomatgo'y, ishim og'ozi xud isyon edi,  
Sha'mi rahmat partavi yrtkaymu anjomimg'a, ayt.

Yo'q Navoiy bedil oromi g'am ichra, ey rafiq,  
Holini zinhorkim, ko'rsang diloromimg'a ayt.



O gentle wind of morn of my state to the delight of heart tell,  
To my bonny cypress whose curl- fair, face- like a floweret tell.

Been tempted by those lips ruby my heart time after time bleeds,  
Of it to my wine server who enjoys holding jolly nights tell.

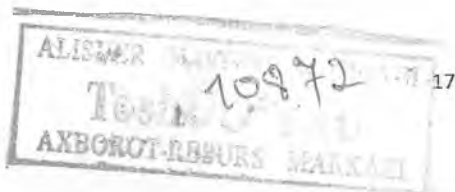
The tongue so bitter, wine as if poison made my tears soiled,  
Of it to my playful self- lover, whose lips- sweet, words- colored tell.

And why she forced the evening to be dim, the time for to depart,  
Don't tell me, of it to her who cares for dim night not for day light tell.

Fallen in love with her I set myself free from faith and fame,  
To low praised soul who dwells in my dale of parting tell.

O fortune maker I did the job dealing with private revolt,  
If I could live kindled life, of it to my sweetheart tell.

O Friend Navaiy can't take his ease if his heart with sorrow nursed,  
Of state of mine, be sure to the mistress of my heart to tell.





Ne navo soz aylagay bulbul gulistondin judo,  
Aylamas to'tiy takallum shakkaristondin judo.

Ul quyosh hajrinda qo'rqarmen falakni o'rtagay,  
Har sharorekim, bo'lur bu o'tlug' afg'ondin judo.

Dema, hijronimda chekmaysen fig'onu nola ko'p,  
Jism aylarnu fig'on bo'lg'an nafas jondin judo?

Hajr o'lumdin talx emish, mundin so'ng, ey gardun, meni,  
Aylagil jondin judo, qilg'uncha jonondin judo.

Bo'lsa yuz ming jonim ol, ey hajr, lekin qilmag'il  
Yorni mendin judo yoxud meni andin judo.

Vasl aro parvona o'rgandi hamono bildimkim,  
Qilg'udekdur subh ani sha'mi shabistondin judo.

Bir eyasiz it bo'lub erdi Navoiy yorsiz,  
Bo'lmasun, yo rabki, hargiz banda sultondin judo.



Would a nightingale sing in tune if from its dale blooming it parts?

Would a parrot chirp merry notes if from its sweetly treating parts?

My woeful sigh for my sunlit faced lover makes the heaven moan,  
Every part of sphere would wail if from its light blazing it parts.

I suffered a lot parted from my fairy, but she said not much,  
And can lifeless body groan, if the heart from its breathing parts.

They say that parting is much more harmful than dreadful death itself,  
You'd better make me die, only not force my love from me to part.

If I had thousand lives to live, I would give all of them to thee,  
O Separation, not make me part with her, or her with me part.

The moth knows, the parting hour would come as soon as down breaks,  
And it has to pass away as its fond candle from its burning parts.

If Novoiy were not beloved he would live a life of not petted dog,  
O High Heavens, bid your man, in no way from his Sultan part.



Qaro ko'zum kelu mardumlug' emdi fan qilg'il,  
Ko'zum qarosida mardum kebi vatan qilg'il.

Yuzung guliga ko'ngul ravzasin yasa gulshan,  
Qading niholig'a jon gulshanin chaman qilg'il.

Takovaringg'a ba'ir qonidin hino bog'la,  
Itingga g'amzada jon rishtasin rasan qilg'il.

Firoq tog'ida topilsa tufrog'im, ey charx,  
Xamir etib yana ul tog'da ko'hkan qilg'il.

Yuzung visolig'a yetsun, desang, ko'ngullarni,  
Sochingni boshtin – ayog' chin ila shikan qilg'il.

Xazon sipohig'a, ey bog'bon, emas moni,  
Bu bog' tomida gar ignadin tikan qilg'il.

Yuzida terni ko'rub o'lsam, ey rafiq, meni,  
Gulob ila yuvu gul bargidin kafan qilg'il.

Navoiy anjumani shavq jon aro tuzsang,  
Aning boshog'liq o'qin shami anjuman qilg'il.



Come, my dark eyed beauty that dwelling thy endeared land make,  
Dwell in the pupil of my eye black, of it your Homeland make.

Blooms of heart in your flower like face driving flowery dale form,  
With blossoms of soul enriching your grace, bonnie orchard make.

And with the blood bleeding from mine heart, color thy feet and toes,  
Flirting by side of me, your dog, his web of life lengthened make.

O Earth, if my dust were found in the mountains of separation,  
Knead dough and of it below that mountain notable mound make.

If you take care of showing thy grandeur to your true lovers,  
Let your hair down and around your slender waist it curled make.

O gardener, you can't rescue the garden from downward fall,  
Tho'thorns made of needles cover its roof, of them thou grate make.

And whether I die on beholding sweat on her brow, o friend,  
Wash my body with waters of flowers, of petals shroud make.

Novoiy if you want to hold the feast which would take one's breath,  
To brighten that party of yours from sheaf of wheat a candle make.



Ko'zung ne balo qora bo'luptur,  
Kim, jong'a qora balo bo'luptur.

Majmui davoni dard qildi  
Dardingki, manga davo bo'luptur.

Ishq ichra aning fidosi yuz jon,  
Har jonki, sanga fido bo'luptur.

Begona bo'luptur oshnodin,  
Begonag'a oshno bo'luptur.

To qildi yuzing havosi jonim,  
Yuz sari anga havo bo'luptur.

Boqiy topar ulki, bo'ldi foniy,  
Rahrag'a baqo fano bo'luptur.

To uzdi Navoiy oyati ishq,  
Ishq ahli aro navo bo'luptur.



And how happened so that thy eye so black became,  
And the soul because of that black one dark became.

All kinds of remedy turned to be ailment,  
And thy ailment for me, the curable luck became.

For the sake of love, hundred lives could be slain,  
Each heart taken by love, thy devoted pang became.

Native mate of that man seemed to be a stranger,  
The stranger the same man of the same rank became.

My eyes longed for seeing thy face, but not once.  
Yet, hundred times my soul for want of it sick became.

If mortal one's devotee, he can be immortal,  
Yet, small path for him place of final track became.

Before Novoiy announced his verse of love,  
It'd already for lovers' vital spark became.





Bizning shaydo ko'ngul bechora bo'lmish,  
Ma'omat dashtida ovora bo'lmish.

Anga baskim yog'ar tosh ustiga tosh,  
Tanida yorg'a uzra yora bo'lmish.

Urardin dam-badam xorog'a boshin,  
So'ngaklar anda pora-pora bo'lmish.

Balo tog'I aro yotqonda bemor,  
Xazu sinjobi xoru xora bo'lmish.

Qaro qildi nechukkim ro'zg'orim,  
Oning ham xonumoni qora bo'lmish.

Qadah xurshidi qonikim, g'amidin,  
Sirishkim kavkabi sayyora bo'lmish.

Navoiy choradin ko'p dema so'zким,  
G'amingga chorasizliq chora bo'lmish.



My heart falling in love the poorest one becomes,  
In those deserts of misdeeds a tramp one becomes.

Stone upon stones as if rain on the bosom fall,  
Wounded body the mark of woe and moan becomes.

Striking and striking the rock with his head, breaks it,  
And that rock as small as small piece of stone becomes.

Let a sick man lie in midst of mountain of parting,  
His silk coat would torn out, thorny thorn it becomes.

And why my dwelling into murky place been turned,  
Now his dwelling also the place of mourn becomes.

And when blazing cup of joy bleeds been hit by grief,  
My tear around cup would run star of moan becomes.

Navoiy not think so much of remedy from grief,  
If thy grief's not curable, grief itself curable tone becomes.



Qoshi yosinmu deyin, ko'zi qarosinmu deyin,  
Ko'ngluma har birining dardu balosinmu deyin?

Ko'zi qahrinmu deyin, kiprigi zahrinmu deyin,  
Bu qudurat aro ruxsori safosinmu deyin?

Ishq dardinmu deyin, hajri nabardinmu deyin,  
Bu qattiq dardlar aro vasli davosinmu deyin.

Zulfi dominmu deyin, la'li kalominmu deyin,  
Birining qaydi, yana birining adosinmu deyin?

Turfa xolinmu deyin, qaddi niholinmu deyin,  
Moviy ko'nglak uza gulrang qabosinmu deyin?

Charx ranjinmu deyin, dahr shikanjinmu deyin.  
Jonima har birining javru jafosinmu deyin?

Ey Navoiy, dema qoshu ko'zing vasfini et,  
Qoshi yosinmu deyin, ko'zi qarosinmu deyin?



Of her eyebrows bowed or of her eyes so dark as night I'd care,  
Or of smart and pains given by each of them to my heart should I care?

Of her eyes –fury or of her lashes poisoned I should care,  
Or of troubles given by her queen matching sight should I care?

Of tortures of love I'd care or of parting from lover I'd care,  
Or of from pains given by her cure so delicate should I care?

Of her ringlets curled I should care or for lips so sweet I'd care,  
Or of first one's grasp, or of the latter's torment should I care?

Of her prettiest mole or of her slender waist I should care,  
Or of her heavenly blue cope with flowerets flattered should I care?

Misdeeds of the Earth I have to bear or trails of fate I'd bear,  
Or sorrows driven by each of them in my heart should I bear?

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Hey Novoiy don't praise highly her eyebrows and eyes only tell:  
For that eyebrows bowed or for her eyes so black as night should I care?



Lolazor ermaski, ohimdin jahong'a tushti o't,  
Yo'l shafaqkim, bir qiroqdin osmong'a tushti o't.

Dedilar, el xonumonin o'rtar ul ruxsor o'ti,  
Bu so'z eshitkach meni bexonumong'a tushti o't.

Orazingning lam'asi kuydurdi sabrim xaylini,  
Barqi ofat choqilib ul lorvong'a tushti o't.

O'qlaring ko'nglumga tushgach kuydi ham ko'z, ham badan,  
Kim kuyar xo'lu qurug' chun naysitong'a tushti o't.

Sovurub gul xonumoninmu quyun rangin ekin,  
Yo falak bedodidin sarvi ravong'a tushti o't?

Kuydum ul damkim, yuz ochding xalqni kuydurgali,  
Elga o't solding vale, men notavong'a tushti o't.

Ey Navoiy, bilki ohi chekmisham beixtiyor,  
Desalarkim, beshai Mozandarong'a tushti o't.



My sigh not only to dale of tulips but to world of mine set fire,  
It wasn't sunset but one woeful touch set the Heaven on fire.

It's said the blaze of her beauty burns every dwelling of men,  
Catching hold of this word me a homeless one wished burn as fire.

Miraculous fair of you grace set fire to my patience firm,  
Ill-meant flash of lightning struck at, and set the caravan on fire.

When your arrows reached my heart both my eyes and body burnt,  
And who could stay safe if everything dry and wet one were on fire.

Whirlwind furiously blowing snatched, scatted roses of my land,  
Was it dooms of Heaven that to cypress fascination was set a fire?

I caught fire, just when you'd showed thy face to make men be in flames,  
Yours people thou made take fire, but only me poor one took fire.

Hey Navoiy get aware of that, that I've moaned all at once,  
As I was told that brush woods in Masandaran had been on fire.



Men jahondin kechtimu kechmas mening jinimdin el,  
Men ilik jondin yudum, chekmas ilik qonimdin el.

To'sh-to'shimdin baski rasvolig' o'ti lov-lov yonar,  
Har taraf yo'ldin chiqarlar o'tsalar yonimdin el.

Baxtkim uyqusig'a go'yokim sururdedur hazin,  
Qiyida bukim uyumas hart un afg'onimdin el.

Tonimaslar bir-birin yoqqon mazallat gardidin,  
So'rg'ali holim kirib-chiqquncha vayronimdin el.

Menda tumori junundek pech, vahkim, bexabar,  
Har taraf ko'nglumda qonlig' dog'I pinhonimdin el.

Istaram, ey Hizr, kelgaymen qilib jon birla tavr,  
Ka'bayi kuyin xabar topquncha borg'onimdin el.

Ey Navoiy, qilmag'aylar ayb agar devonamen,  
Ul pari vasfin o'qug'on soyi devonimdin el.



I've taken leave from this world, but my life's still sublimated by men.  
I stopped supporting my source of life, but it's supported by men.

My heart, inner side are being taken with ill-named fire and flame,  
Which appear on each part of road, when I'm enlaced by my men.

It seems notes of sadness were fit in sweet dreams I saw at nights,  
If it's so, my woeful groan not let a sleep be enjoyed by men.

They've used to putting each other to shame, take it for a job,  
Not care of ceasing that work, till my ruins abandoned by men.

Might they not know, tumor for maddened one was given me by fate?  
That there're spots left by blood on my breast, of it not heard my men.

I wish, O Hizr, make pilgrimage, pray from bottom of my heart,  
I cared of beholding Kaaba before of it learnt my men.

Hey Novoiy me thought I wouldn't be charged if I've driven mad,  
Because of that fairy, of it my devan should be read by men.





Qon yutub umre jahon ahlida bir yor istadim,  
Lekin ul kamrak topildi, garchi bisyor istadim.

Kingakim jonim fido aylab, sog'indim, yor erur,  
Ermas erdi yorlig'da chun vafodor istadim.

Bilmadim olam elide yo'turur mutlaq vafo,  
Vahki, umri ulcha yo'qtur sog'inib bor istadim.

Ulki topilmas bashar jinsida, vah, g'aflat ko'rung  
Kim, pari xaylida men devonai zor istadim.

Sirri ishqimni, ko'ngul, ko'z birla fosh etmak ne tong,  
Qalbi tardomanni chun men sohib asror istadim.

Shayx birla xonaqahdin chun yorug'lik topmadim,  
Dayr piri xizmatig'a kuyi xammor istadim.

Ey Navoiy, chun rafiqa topmadim, bu g'ussadin,  
O'zni bekaslik balosig'a giriftor istadim.



Swallowing blood within all my life having one sweetheart I wished,  
The love I'd had wasn't more, tho' being in love a lot I wished.

Into whom I'd poured my true soul, for who I cry is called beloved,  
Not only of beloved I had a dream, having devoted heart I wished.

Knew not, not come across whether there was complete faithfulness,  
O Heavens, till I lived my life longing for such endearment I wished.

If that one weren't found in the whole sphere I wouldn't be awoken.  
If of that fairy I lacked, for want of her be maddened I wished.

And was there any reason with eyes betray the state of heart,  
Her fond heart been owned, to claim for my right I wished.

I couldn't see kindled light in priest's or in dweller's who was false,  
And with all my flesh and soul to serve, be true to Heavens I wished.

Novoiy, thou not found such a friend who could free me from woe,  
It's me doomed myself to loneliness, to be out of sight I wished.



Gul sochar yel bog' aro, sarvi ravonim keldimu,  
Jon isi guldin kelur, oromi jonim keldimu.

Bexud erdim aytkali ko'nglum, chu keldim holima,  
Ayting: ul ovvorayi bexonumonim keldimu.

Qolmish erdi xasta jon, kirganda men mayxonag'a,  
Anglamonkim, ul zaifi notavonim keldimu.

Demangizkim, keldi mahvashlar seni o'lturgali,  
Muni dengkim, qotili nomehribonim keldimu.

Hajridin o'ldum demangkim, boshima kelmish  
Masih, ayting, ul osoyishi ruxu ravonim keldimu.

Ko'yungga ushshoq kelgandin xabar tuttung valek  
Demading ul zori benomu nishonim keldimu.

Zuhd kuyiga ko'ngul birla dedingkim, kelmading,  
Ey Navoiy, necha aytib ul yomonim keldimu.



Wind spreads flowers out it might be, that grace my cypress one came,  
The smell of life from flowers come, it might be the life dearest one came.

And too glad I'd been I said to my heart, I'd come to my sense and mind.  
I bid tell, it might be that wonderer my homeless one came.

My troubled heart moved me when I entered the room where wine poured.  
I wished come to know, it might be, that feeble, my helpless one came.

Only not tell me that those mysterious beauties to slay me came,  
Do tell me, it might be, that slayer, my merciless one came.

Not say that you'd died for want of her, as I'd been doomed by fate,  
Masih tell, it might be to make me at ease, my joyous one came.

I got the note that there'd been heard the tunes of that gentle song,  
But not told me, it might be, that unknown my nameless one came.

Playing sad melodies in tune, I told my heart, that one failed to come,  
Hey Novoij, not only once I asked, it might be, my worse one came.



Gar bahor el topsa bo'stondin gulu rayhon isi,  
Kelur ul rayhon ila guldin manga hijron isi.

Menki bir guldin jahon bog'ida bo'yo topmadim,  
Naylayin, qilsa muattar dahrini bo'ston isi.

La'li hajrini nihon ashkim so'zin ag'yor aro  
Desa bo'lmaskim, kelur ul nav so'zdin qon isi.

Qaydakim jonbaxsh la'lidin Masixoso kalom  
Surdi, ul yerdin kelur yuz qaridin so'ng jon isi.

Jon isi tutti jahonni, men borurmen ko'yiga  
Kim, tilar el jon isi, men istaram jonon isi.

Ey gado, olam eliga shayallillah demakim,  
Bu chamandin kelmadi hargiz guli ehson isi.

Chun Navoiyg'a kelur hijron isi har dam, ne sud,  
Gar baho el topsa bo'stondin gulu rayhon isi.



If spring settles in the flowery dale, the smell of raihon flower comes,  
And from raihon and flowers the smell of parting from lover comes.

And me could not smell one flower which had fragrance on this Earth.  
What's use for me, let owing to that dale earth full of odor becomes.

Crying for lips so red my hidden tears burnt me at sight of foes,  
And would be fair, it's said from that burning the smell of gore comes.

Wherever of her, who vital spark imparts, holds a talk Masihoso.  
From that place tho' hundred years passed, the smell of life dear comes.

The smell of dear life filled the world and me on my way to get there,  
Someone cares to smell men's dear lives to me smell of love's odor comes.

Hey, thee needy, not wish stand high in the men of world's favor,  
For from that flowery dale never the smell of favor comes.

Time after time to Novoiy comes the smell of parting, and why to grieve,  
If spring settles in the flowery dale the smell of raihon flower comes.



Ko'nglum o'rtansun agar g'ayringga parvo aylasa,  
Har ko'ngul hamkim sening shavqingni payda aylasa.

Har kishi vaslin tamanno aylasam navmid o'lay,  
Har kishi hamkim sening vasling tamanno aylasa.

O'zgarlar husnin tamosho aylasam chiqsun ko'zum,  
O'zga bir ko'z hamki husnungni tamosho aylasa.

G'ayri zikrin oshkora qilsa lol o'lsun tilim,  
Qaysi bir til hamki zikring oshkora aylasa.

Rashkdin jonimg'a har nargis ko'zi bir shu'lador,  
Bog' aro nogah xirom ul sarvi ra'no aylasa.

Yo'q og'izdin nuqta aytur mahvashimdek bo'lmag'ay,  
Gar quyosh har zarrasidin bir Masiho aylasa.

Ofiyat jonimg'a yeti, ey xush ul mug'kim, meni  
Bir qadah birla xarobot ichra rasvo aylasa.

Kelturung daf'l jununing'a pariyxon, yo'q tabib  
Kim ul ansabdur pari har kimni shaydo aylasa.

Subhdek bir damda gardunquymag'ay osorini,  
Nogah ahli sidq ko'ngli mehrin ifsho aylasa.

Dahr sho'xig'a, Navoiy, sayd bo'lma nechakim,  
Kun uzori uzra tun zulfin mutarro aylasa.

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Let my heart be touched if it dares for other mistress care.  
Let each heart be troubled if it of making you rapturous cares.

Let me die becoming hopeless if of each man's favor I dream,  
Let each man be slain if of beholding beauty of yours cares.

Let my eye run out if the other ones' grandeur I enjoy,  
Let other one's eye became dim if for thy face beauteous cares.

Let my tongue be lost if it discloses my heart of envious,  
Let other's tongue be tied if of disclosing talks of yours cares.

To mine heart taken by jealousy, beauties eyes seem to be glint,  
Just when of walking smoothly in the garden that cypress cares.

Let that one make a note, it doesn't impress me as my bonnie's tone,  
Let the sun from each his glimpse of making Masiho's blaze cares.

That torture reached my heart, O, that one who shows his trust in fire,  
With a cup of wine in midst of ruins of bringing me upon disgrace cares.

Fetch that fair fairy to pray for my mourning soul, as there's no hope.  
What's the use of that fairy if of imparting charm of hers cares.

Every time when it's as silvery as dawn Earth awakens men,  
Might whose hearts filled with mercy of making one in conscious care?

Navoiy not be keen on tricks made Heavens, be aware,  
As over declined day the night of spreading its odor of curls care.





Unutmag'ilki to hajr etti bedod,  
Meni bir noma birla qilmading yod.

Ko'ngul yod etmasingdin bo'lsa g'amgin,  
Vale ruxum erur yoding bila shod.

Buzug' jismim uyin yiqti firoqing,  
Bu uyda ko'p buzug'lug' qildi bunyod.

Qul o'ldi sarv to gulgash etarga  
Qading bazmi tarabdin ko'pti ozod.

Meni gah dashtu gah tog' uzra ko'rgan  
Tirilmish sog'inur Majnun Farhod.

Ko'ngulni may bila ma'mur qilkim,  
Xumori davr ani qo'ymas obod.

Navoiy telba bo'lg'an chog'da ko'rdi,  
Pariy birla ani sog'indi hamzod.



Until my sigh made by parting to the sky got,  
Thou not remembered me by writing me a note.

Heart suffered from grief not being to thy mind called,  
But my soul's gladdened, as thou to my mind brought.

Parted from you my decayed heart turned into ruins,  
In that dwelling of mine ill deeds were done a lot.

Cypress taken by desire of walking in the dales,  
In the feast charming with her grace of freedom thought.

Those who saw me in deserts or in mountains high,  
Be held so longed alive Majnun and Farhod.

With a cup of joy enjoy thy heart into thee,  
But see, time being in want of it not lets it be got.

Navoiy becoming maddened came to know that,  
His man missed him and that fair fairy a lot.



Chekar un ko'nglum ursang tiyg'I bedod,  
Ne tong, su quyg'ach etmak shu'la faryod.

Ko'ngul sensiz topaar g'am shodlig'din,  
G'aaming yetgach vale aylaar ani shod.

Ne tong majnunlug'umkim, jilva aaylar  
Ko'zumgaa lahza-laahza bir pariyyod.

Ko'ngulni, soqiyo maydin qilib xush,  
Buzug'ni saayl ilaa aylarsen obod.

Meni shod aaylagil bir jur'a birlaa  
Ki, g'amdin jong'a yetti joni noshod.

Sanaam ollidaaa maaydin bosh ko'tarman  
Ki, qildi dayr piri mundoq irshod.

Sening yoding bila o'ldi Navoiy,  
Tirig bo'l, gaarchi ani qilmading yod.



My heart would groan if you strike it with a woeful blow,  
Is it fair when flood of tears been shed to renew sorrow?

Thou hadn't been had, yet, heart finds a joy even in smart,  
And glad becomes soul, let it be taken with thy woe.

What can be said, tho' driven in madness, one beauty?  
Flirts within time after time, makes my eyes in joy grow.

Let wine server further the heart to be in its cup,  
With walks turn that ill man into owner of godly soul,

Make me delighted with thy one miraculous tune,  
As been tortured with sorrows the dear life used to grow.

Sitting by side of beauty I draw me from wine back,  
As the religious men of my land wants me to do so.

Soaked up with thy remembrance, passes away Navoiy,  
Just live, tho' didn't care thy soul into my fond heart to pour.



Jonim chiqadur, hajr ila jonon kerak erdi,  
Ko'nglum kuyadur, dard ila darmon kerak erdi.

G'am shomida parvona sifatkim, kuyadurmen,  
Boshim uza ul shami shabiston kerak erdi.

Ko'z bog'ida yuz gul ochadur ishq, valekin  
Yuzu xatidin lolavu rayhon kerak erdi.

Xush keldi hazing ko'nglum aro g'amzalarikingim,  
Oh o'qlarig'a bir necha paykon kerak erdi.

Qabrimg'a xirrom ettingu yo'q tuhfayo, vahkim,  
Bu xas kebi jon ichra bugun jon kerak erdi.

Xush ziynati ko'p nomadurur umr, valekin  
Tavqii vafodin anga unvon kerak erdi.

Bilmay seni ul gul qovar, ey zor Navoiy,  
Sendek anga bir bulbulni nolon kerak erdi.



I'm drawing my last breath, in need of parting and fairy I've been,  
My heart's on fire, as in need of pain and remedy I'd been.

Around the candle kindled with sorrow, as a moth I'm burning,  
In need of rays lighting on my head, fire burning fairly I'd been.

Might be love bursts into hundred blooms within fall, yet,  
Not cared of hundreds, in need of rose and raihon goodly I'd been.

Into my mournful heart thy sweetly flirting imparted itself, so  
For to get arrows, in need of some targets empty I'd been.

Came slowly to my graveyard, but there's wasn't further any delight,  
That day the soul as feeble as a straw in need of life dearly had been.

It's good, valuable if any one's blessed for living longest life,  
Yet, dreaming of faithfulness in need of rank worthy he'd been.

Knowing not thy long to her, that flower turned down, thee Navoiy,  
In need of the nightingale as you, which sang grievously I'd been.



Ne tirigmen, ne ulug, ne sog', ne bemormen,  
Ayta olmankim, firoqingdin ne yanglig' zormen.

Nuqtayi og'zing g'amodin tortibon jadvaldek oh,  
Ashk saylin oqizib sargashta chun pargormen.

Do'stlar, ko'nglum hadisin demangiz tengri uchun  
Kim, men ul devonayi sargashtadin bezormen.

Ko'nglagingdinkim topar jon dam-badam Yusuf isi,  
Ey azizim, men ham ul ko'nglak aro bir tormen.

Bir quyosh hajrinda tundek ro'zg'orim tiyradur,  
Tong emas gar tun kebi motam tutub yig'larmen.

Mayda afyun ezgil, ey mug'kim, bu eski dayr aro,  
Telbaramen g'ussadin gar bir nafas hushyormen.

Nevchun el dushnomu ta'nidin bo'lay oshuftahol,  
Ey Navoiy, chun nekim derlar yuz oncha bormen.



Neither alive, nor great, nor sick, nor safe and sound I am,  
I dare say, been parted from thee how in sore need I am.

For want of hearing a word from you I make lengthened sighs,  
My flood of tears been shed, into the tramp sore eyed turned I am.

O Friend, for God's sake, not disclose the state of heart of mine,  
As with that tramp driven in madness not less bored I am.

So often from thy cope sweetened with odor comes Yusuf's smell,  
O my dear me also one string inside that cope flapped I am.

Feeling sore about that sunlit face, my soul in darkness dark grow,  
Dawn doesn't break out, if I weep and in mourn as dark night I am.

O fire worshiper, give me thy drink, or else in old church of yours,  
I'd get mad of grief, if for a while in my mind right I am.

How I'd be in wonder if men heap reproaches on those ones,  
Hey Navoiy to what's being said, hundred times for it I am.





Yordin hijron chekar ushshoqi zor, ey do'stlar,  
Necha tortay hajr, chun yo'q menda yor, et do'stlar.

Yor ishqin asrag'il pinhon, debon sa'y etmangiz,  
Vah, ne nav etgum yo'q ishni oshkor, ey do'stlar.

Ishq birla gar birov lofi vafov uhd urar,  
Ishvagarlar ahdig'a yo'q e'tibor, ey do'stlar.

Aylamang bekasligimni ta'n, bir kun bor edi  
Menda ham bir nozanin chobuksuvor, ey do'stlar.

Yorsiz vayronda qon yig'larmen oxir, siz qiling  
Yor birla gashti bog'u lolazor, ey do'stlar.

Yorsiz ifrot ila gar yig'lasam, ayb etmangiz  
Kim erur bu ish manga beixtiyor, ey do'stlar.

Do'stluq aylab tutung gah-gah labolab jomkim,  
Qasdi jon qilmish manga dardi xumor, ey do'stlar.

May ichingkim, dahr eli ichra ko'p istab topmaduk  
Ahdu paymonida bo'lg'on ustuvor, ey do'stlar.

Yoringiz vaslin g'animat angabon shukr aylangiz  
Kim, Navoiy o'ldi bekaslikda zor, ey do'stlar.

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O friends, each longed soul feel sore about parting from his fond lover,  
O friends, what kind of sore I feel about it, if I've not got a lover.

Not bid me: keep in secret thy love towards mistress of yours,  
O friends, what I have not to disclose, if I've not got a lover.

If anyone praises himself highly, that he's true to his love,  
O friends, those men of flirty, not attract attention of others.

Not reproach me on my loneliness, as once I had my mistress,  
O friend, indeed I had her, who resembled fairest rider.

Behold, I weep shedding blood in my ruins, cry for a sweetheart,  
O friends, get a joy walking midst flowery dales with fond lovers.

Not charge me, it is sore need in love makes my heart to cry out,  
O friends, against my will, I'm used to crying for a lover.

Being friendly give me full and full cups of joy so often,  
O friends, I myself made me slain because of lack of lover.

Enjoy yourselves with wine, as we'd sought so much that trusty one,  
O friends, but not been found such worthy one who held his love ever.

Be grateful, if by fortune, you'd been blessed for being beloved,  
Navoiy, been doomed to loneliness, had ever longed for lover.



Orazingni bog' aro chun ko'rdi, hayron bo'li gul,  
Bargsiz qoldi, nedinkim, bas parishon bo'ldi gul.

Bodadin gul-gul ko'rub ul yuzni, aning hajridin,  
Chok-chok o'lg'an ko'nguldek tah-batah qon bo'ldi gul.

Gulzorim kishvari husn ichra bo'ldi podshoh,  
Rost adoqkim, chaman mulkida sulton bo'ldi gul.

Sayri bog' aylarda davron chashmi zaxmi daf'iga,  
Har taraftin chobukim, chu davrida qalqon bo'ldi gul.

La'li komimdur, qoshimda kelsa ul gul,  
May tilar ko'nglim, chu bazmimda farovon bo'ldi gul

Kecha-kunduz qilma gulboningni bas, ey andalib  
Kim, sanga besh kun bu gulshan ichra mehmon bo'ldi gul.

Gul chog'I yor safar aylab, Navoiy jonig'a  
Har biri bir toza qonlig' dog'I hijron bo'ldi gul.



Having behold in the dale your beauty too amused was flower,  
Became bare, without leaves and so that confused was flower.

Having seen fairest floweret face, of yours, for want of it,  
As broken torn heart shed blood, became crimsoned flower.

Among flower dales won the grade of fairest one to be padishakh,  
And it's fairly said, in the treasure of blooms as sultan was cared flower.

Walked along the garden being watched by envious eyes,  
But that one, blessed by fortune, from every side was guarded by flower.

I do welcome those flowers in bloom if they wish come to me,  
My heart begged for wine, yet in my feast so endeared was flower.

Hey nightingale, not sing in so high notes within day and night,  
As only five days in thy garden would be your guest flower.

In the blooming time came his lover to touch the heart of Navoijy,  
And one pure spot of blood left by parting becomes each flower.



Menda bir o'tdurki, gar dam ursam aflok o'rtanur,  
Asrasam ko'nglumda jonu jismim g'amnok o'rtanur.

Mehr emas ohim o'tidin ko'kka yetmish bir sharer,  
Ayb emastur gar desam, dam ursam aflok o'rtanur.

Bas tanim o'rtarga qonlig' novaking, hijronni qo'y,  
Barq ne hojat, bir uchqun birla xoshok o'rtanur.

Sham o'ti mohiyatin anglay degan parvonadek,  
Orazing mehrini fahm aylardi idrok o'rtanur.

Ishq aro ko'nglum necha topinsa, ortar shulasi,  
O'tqa tushkan telba qilg'an soyi topok o'rtanur.

Ashk yub jismim qudratdin, qurutmish oh o'ti,  
Lam'aye tushgach uzoring barqidin pok o'rtanur.

Ey Navoiy, chun rutabdek otashin la'li aro  
Xasta ko'nglum tushti, tong yo'q, gar bo'lub xok o'rtanur.



I'm taken with such woeful fire, if I sigh with me Heaven groans,  
And if I keep sorry burning then inward side of mine groans.

It's not just to say that my sigh imparts moaning spark into sky,  
Not charge me if I say, let me once sigh, then earth of mine groans.

Not let thy furious blows tear my heart, leave alone separation,  
Is there need in blazing, if with one spark been set on fire plain groans?

As if the moth which is troubled with verifying value of a candle,  
Not noting how thy beauty make one's heart be charned brain burns.

As much my heart is nursed by love as much it becomes bright  
Beholding that one take fire, become maddened even main groans.

Been washed with my heavy rains, my body stops sorely mourning,  
My spirit been touched by fire lovers, bursting into flame groans.

Hey Navoiy, tho' you wished burn midst enlightened crimsoned sphere,  
My sore heart is enlaced with dim night, not with dawn tho' it plainly groans.



Ochmag'ay erding jamoli olam oro koshki,  
Solmag'ay erding borki olamda g'avg'o koshki.

Chin jamoling jilvasi olamg'a soldi rustahez,  
Qilmag'ay erdi ko'zum ani tomosha koshki.

Bo'lmag'ay erdi ko'zum o'tilg' yuzung ko'rgan zamon,  
Ishqing o'ti shulasi ko'nglumda paydo koshki.

Aylagach ishqing balosi zor ko'nglumni hazin,  
Qilmag'ay erding meni maxzuna parvo koshki.

Tushmagay erdi firibomez lutfung bilmayin,  
Notavon ko'nglumga vaslingdin tamanno koshki.

Lutf'ila ko'nglumni vaslingdin talabgor aylabon,  
Qilmag'ay erding yana zulm oshkora koshki.

Bevafolig' anglag'ach ishqingni ko'nglum tark etib,  
Qilmag'ay erdi o'zin olamda rasvo koshki.

Emdikim devonayu rasvoi olam bo'lmisham,  
Vasi uchun mumkin o'lturgay bu savdo koshki.

Ey Navoiy, bevafodur yor, bas ne foyda,  
Nechakim desang agar yoxud magar yo koshki.



If only you not cared of showing thy beauty to men of world,  
If only not cared of making men of world with each other scold.

It's indeed thy blazing beauty bade the Earth make an endless fuss,  
If only I'd not gazed at that fair face, my eyes I kept closed.

My eyes wouldn't take fire as soon as I'd beheld thy flaming face,  
If only sparks of thy burning love in my heart not been cosed.

My longed heart have been made sorrowful with thy pitiless love,  
If only you didn't make me with sadness be touched and mourned.

I wouldn't be fondled with thy flirty attachment if I knew if before,  
If only my plain heart with thy beauty in thy charm not fold.

Sweetly speaking, petting my soul into your needy me you turned.  
If only some more tortures were not prepared for me to hold.

Coming to know that you'd been not true to me, my heart you left,  
If only didn't put myself to shame, not spoken by men of world.

And now I've been drawn in madness, became ill-named midst my men,  
If only die to myself, yet, to the one who's in love pity is shown.

Hey Navoiy, if thy mistress were found to be false, why to grieve,  
Not let those: "Ifs, if only" be used or by anyone one is told.

---





Ne bahor o'lg'ayki bir gul hajridin badholmen,  
Uylakim bulbul xazon faslidan gungu lolmen.

Tifl toshidin yiqilg'on qush kebi hajr ilgida,  
Ko'z yumub, boshim solib, og'zim ochib beholmen.

Gul kebi yuz pora xunolud bo'lg'on jism ila,  
Dard ila mehnat hujumi bazmida pomolmen.

Ul mahi gulgun qabo birla tilab hamranglik,  
G'o'ta yeb gulrang ashkim bahri ichra olmen.

Yog'dururlar tosh meni majnunni qavlab ko'bako'y,  
Bir parivash hajridin bozichai atfolmen.

Berma pand, ey shayxkim, ishqida foniy bo'lg'ali,  
Jurmu toat fikridin ozodu forig'bolmen.

Ey Navoiy, hajridin ermaski to yor ollida  
Muddai ahvoli xushtur, men xarob ahvolmen.



What joy gives me spring, if for want of one rose I've dimmed become,  
As if nightingale within the fall I've dumb noted become.

Like the bird been hit with kid's stone, been hit with blows of parting,  
Keeping eyes closed, my neck bend, breathing hardly I've sickened become.

Like flower my bleeding body been torn into hundred pieces,  
Suffering from attacks of pains and hard job I've weakened become.

Been hungered for having a flower like moonlit faced one,  
My tears soaked in waters of roses make me crimsoned become.

Looking for me, for Majnun, in mountains heaps me with stony words,  
Takes me for senseless toy, parting from mine love, I've maddened become.

Hey, you priest, not let me down, not let me die been thirsty for love,  
I myself set me free from such sin, I've independent become.

O Navoiy, if thee not suffered from parting and lover were there,  
The soul would be filled with joy, so I'd over driven, ruined become.



Ko'nglum ichra dardu g'am avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas  
Kim, ul oying hajri ham avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ne sitamkim, qilsa rahm maxfiy erdi zimnida,  
Emdi qilsa har sitam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Demangiz Shirinu Layli oncha bor husn ichrakim,  
Xo'blikda ul sanam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Javridin erdi alamlar, emdi tutmish o'zga yor,  
O'lmishamkim, bu alam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ishq aro Farhod ila Majnung'a o'xshatmang meni,  
Kim, bu rasvoi dijam avvalg'ilarf'a o'xshamas.

Kuyining ehromidin ko'nglumni man etmang yana  
Kim, anga azmi xaram avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ey Navoiy, qilma Jamshidu Faridun vasfikim,  
Shoh G'oziyg'a karam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.



Pains and grieves driven in my heart not resemble to previous ones,  
My sigh, groan for that face moonlit, not resemble to previous ones.

Why I would be tortured, if shown a pity, might not be it seen now,  
She deals with such torment which not resembles to previous ones.

Not tell that Shirin and Laily's beauty is beyond any praise,  
Yet, that fairy's goodly sight not resembles to any previous ones.

I feel sore about misdeeds, now she's in love with the other one,  
Let me be slain, as that grievous act not resembles to previous ones.

Not match me and my love for Farhod and Majnun's fondness,  
As that ill desire of mine heart not resembles to previous ones.

I bid not deprive my body of mine purest belief of soul,  
As that claim lain in being bright not resembles to previous ones.

O Navoiy not dream of taking after Jamshid and Faridun,  
The favor shown to Shah Goziy not resemble to previous ones.



O'n sakkiz ming olam oshubi agar boshingdadur,  
Ne ajab, chun sarvinozim o'n sakkiz yoshingdadur.

Desa bo'lg'aykim, yana ham o'n sakkiz yil husni bor,  
O'n sakkiz yoshinda muncha fitnakim boshindadur.

O'n sakkiz yil dema, yuz sakson yil bo'lsa, o'ldudrur  
Husn shohi, ul balolarkim ko'zu qoshindadur.

Hayrat etmon husni naqshidaki, har hayratki bor,  
Barchasi ezid taolo sun naqqoshindadur.

Tan anga siymu ichinda tosh muzmar ko'nglidin,  
Aqlg'a yuz hayrat ul oyning ichu toshindadur.

May ketur, ey mug'ki, yuz hayrat aro qolmish  
Masih, bul ajablarkim, bu eski dayr xuffoshindadur.

To Navoiy to'kti ul oy furqatidin bahri ashk,  
Har qachon boqsang, quyosh aksi aning yoshindadur.



She's troubled by love of eighteen thousand ones at her eighteenth,  
As my fondled cypress that beauty is in bloom at her eighteenth.

One can say this beauty will be in bloom another eighteen years,  
And by so many intrigues she's enlaced at the age of eighteen.

Not say charm's at eighteen, men for hundred years with charm slain been,  
As the might of slaying beauty in her eyes and eyebrows dwell in.

Grandiose grace of her figure takes the breath of every heart,  
All those miraculous rarities are said to be deeds of Heaven been.

Beauty of her fairest body driven in her heart melts even stone,  
That wondrous fineness ever in her and on moonlit face had been.

Fetch the wine, o wine server, as been moved with hundred miracles,  
Masih, those wonders by the sacred aged earth performed been.

And Navoiy for want of that moonlit beauty one heavy tear dropped,  
Let at her whenever gaze, the reflection of sun in her age seen.



Balo dashti aro Majnun meningdek ko'rmamish davron,  
Quyundek har zamon bir ko'rmagan vodiyda sargardon.

Ne anduxu malo ling'a baliyat dashtidek g'oyat,  
Ne savdoyu jununimg'a malomat baxridek poyon.

Tunum dayjur, o'zum ranjur, ichim g'amnoku bag'rim chok,  
Tilim lolu tanim behol, ishim afg'on, sirishkim qon.

Zaifi dardig'am pasha, nahifi mehnat andisha,  
Zalili besaru somon, qatilu xanjar hijron.

Fig'onimd in falak g'amgin, sirishkimd in jahon rangin,  
Na dardim o'tig'a taskin, na hajrim dardig'a darmon.

Boshim g'am toshid in yora, tanim hajr o'qid in pora,  
Ko'ngulbu yorag'a chora toparg'a topmay in imkon.

Ko'zum namlik, bo'yum xamliq, ichim anduxu motamliq,  
Ne hamdamlik, ne marhamliq topib bu mehnat i pinhon.

Manga ne yoru ne hamdam, manga ne do'st, ne mahram,  
Manga ne chora, ne marham, manga ne sabru, ne somon.

Ham ahvoli tabohimd in, ham ohi umr kohimd in,  
Ham o'tluq dud i ohimd in qorarib kulbai ahzon.

Falak rahzan, zamon dushman, badan ravzan uza ravzan,  
Qolib jon xisravid in tan, chiqib tan kishravid in jon.

Navoiy bo'lsa mehnat ko'p, ichako'r jomi ishrat ko'p,  
Necha bo'lsa subat ko'p, qilur vaxdat mayi oson.

32 ❧ 32

In that desert of mischief Majnun like me lived the life unfair,  
Like wild wind blasting in by no one settled plain wanders ever.

Any kind of ill luck which happens much in the desert of grief,  
Any ill deeds, the sea of troubles pour into my heart obscure.

My time is pressed, me distressed, inside my breast torn into pieces,  
My tongue mute, body weakened, trade-failed heart bleeds, out of despair.

All pains, soreness been furthered, noble acts won't make <sup>a</sup>sense,  
All means mixed, no order, love dandled with dagger of slayer.

The Heaven grieves hearing my groans, Earth pales beholding my color,  
No remedy for my acute pain, for love-lorn me there's no cure.

My head-hit with stones of smart, body with blows of parting beaten  
The heart moves not finding means of treatment for my wound anywhere.

My lids wet, my neck bent, with murk and sorrow-soaked my inner world,  
There's no fondness, no fondling, tho' of them cared, of it I didn't declare.

I have no lover, no companion; have no friend, no willed hostess,  
I have no way to see, no aid, no accuracy, patience is rare.

Because of my trembling, <sup>body</sup> painful soul, woeful state of mine,  
Of my flaming moan, dwelling darkens under a black layer.

Heaven a robber, time a foe; my body an orchard doomed to decay,  
Breath departs its kingly body; the soul departs from its dwelling sphere

Navoiy if you have to work a fat lot, have cups of joy a lot,  
If you must bear many tortures, heavenly wine helps thee endure.





## COMMENTARY

Masandaran – one of regions in Iran.

Hizr – is over natural legendary being. Hizr, as it's believed, having drunk the water from the spring which was located under the earth, became immortal.

Kaaba – is the name of the temple which is in Mekka, the Saint city of Muslim world.

Masiho – is the name of a prophet given in the Bible.

Majnun – means maddened being fallen in love this name was given to a Persian poet.

Kays because of his outrageous passionate love to beautiful laily.

Farhod – the main character of the doston Farhod and Shirin by Navoiy.

Shirin – the dictionary meaning is “sweet”.

Yusuf – is image of the most handsome man as Appalaon. In the Bible he's known as Josif beautiful.

Zuleiha – according to the Bible, she was the wife of Pentephriy. She tried to tempt Yusuf.

Jamshid – is mythical king of ancient Iran. As it was said during his reign time people lived a happy life, they didn't have any pains, didn't grow old were immortal. As it was foretold Jamshid had magic cup, looking into it. Jamshid could see whatever was happening in the world.

Faridun – is a mythical king of Iran, the offspring of king Jamshid. According to the legend king Jamshid was killed by tyrant Zohak. Faridun overthrow Zohak, and began reigning Iran.

Cypress – the name of a tree, the girl with beautiful figure and fairest face in Oriental literature namely in poetry symbolizes the image of gracious figured girl.

Rayhon is a name of a flower.



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# SELECTED GHAZELS OF NAVOIY

(In the Uzbek and English languages)

Тошкент, «Наврўз» нашриёти ДУК. 2015.– 68 б.

Мухаррир	Нафиса Рустамова
Му саҳҳих	Мухаммад Расулов
Тех.муҳаррир	Завқий Мелиев

ISBN: 978-9943-381-66-7

Наширёт лицензияси: А1 № 170. 29.12.2009 йил.  
Теришга берилди: 15.08.2015 й.  
Босишга рухсат этилди: 22.08.2015 й.  
Офсет босма қоғози. Қоғоз бичим и 60x84  
“Таймс” гарнигураси. Офсет босма усули.  
Ҳисоб-наширёт т.: 1,5. Шаргли б.т.: 4.25.  
Адади: 200 нусха. Бунюртма 005.  
Баҳоси келишилган нарҳда.  
«Наврўз» нашриёти давлат унитар корхонаси  
100000. Тошкент ш, Амир Темур кўчаси, 19 уй.

---

“SHEROZIY ELEGANT STIL”  
мчж босмахонасида chop этилди.  
Босмахона манзили: Самарқанд шаҳри,  
Темур Малик кўчаси 19<sup>а</sup> уй. тел: (366) 233-68-85

ll

ISBN 978-9943-381-66-7



9 789943 381667